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Depression ?

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock ; things are
tough,
Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find
enough,
What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me ;
There were thousands through that rainy spell, but now
where can they be?"

The old black hen who heard him, didn't grumble or
complain.
She had gone through lots of dry spells, she had lived
through floods of rain ;
So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws
a whet,
As she said, "I've never seen the time there were no
worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard
and firm,
The little rooster jeered, "New ground! That's no place
for a worm."
The old black hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast
and free,
"I must go to the worms," she said, "the worms won't
come to me."

The rooster vainly spent his day, through habit, by the
ways
Where fat worms have passed in squads, back in the
rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in ac-
cents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse
with you,
For you're not only hungry but you must be tired, too.
I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk,
But, how are you? Without worms, too? And after all
that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her
eyes to sleep.
And murmured, in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this
and weep:
I'm full of worms, and happy, for I've dined both long
and well.
The worms are there, as always—but I had to dig like
hell!"

Oh, here and there, red roosters still are holding sales
positions,
They cannot do much business now, because of poor con-
ditions,
But soon as things get right again, they'll sell a hundred
firms—
Meanwhile the old black hens are out, and gobbling up
the worms.

—————*Exchange.*